

Peats sonnets bien faits, belles chansons  
petites,  
Petits discours gentils, sont les fleurs des  
Charites.

En riant je compose, en riant je veux lire,  
Et voila tout le fruict que je re\$oy d'escrire.

Et, voyant mon pays, a peine pourra  
croire  
Que d'un si petit lieu tel Poète soit n&

He had fully gained the only kind of glory that is not a ghost—glory in his lifetime. Within ten years of his first volume he was the leading poet in France,

if not in  
Europe. But one with so quick an eye for  
mortality  
could not fail to see the vanity of fame; one  
so proud, its  
vulgarity. Homer and Anacreon are dead  
and ask no  
longer what men say of them; as for the  
crowd, le plus